

Go Work in My Vineyard

Tullius O'Kane, 19th Century.

"Go work in My vineyard," there's plenty to do;
The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few;
There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots,
And plowing, and sowing, and gath'ring of fruits.
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,
All ages and ranks I can fully employ;
I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed;
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

Refrain

Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard; there's plenty to do;
Go work, go work, the harvest is great, and the lab'ers are few.

"Go work in My vineyard"; I claim thee as Mine;
With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,
The song of archangels to hang on the tree,
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim

Refrain

"Go work in My vineyard"; oh, work while 'tis day!
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
The time for our labor will ever be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day;
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've giv'n them to do.

Refrain